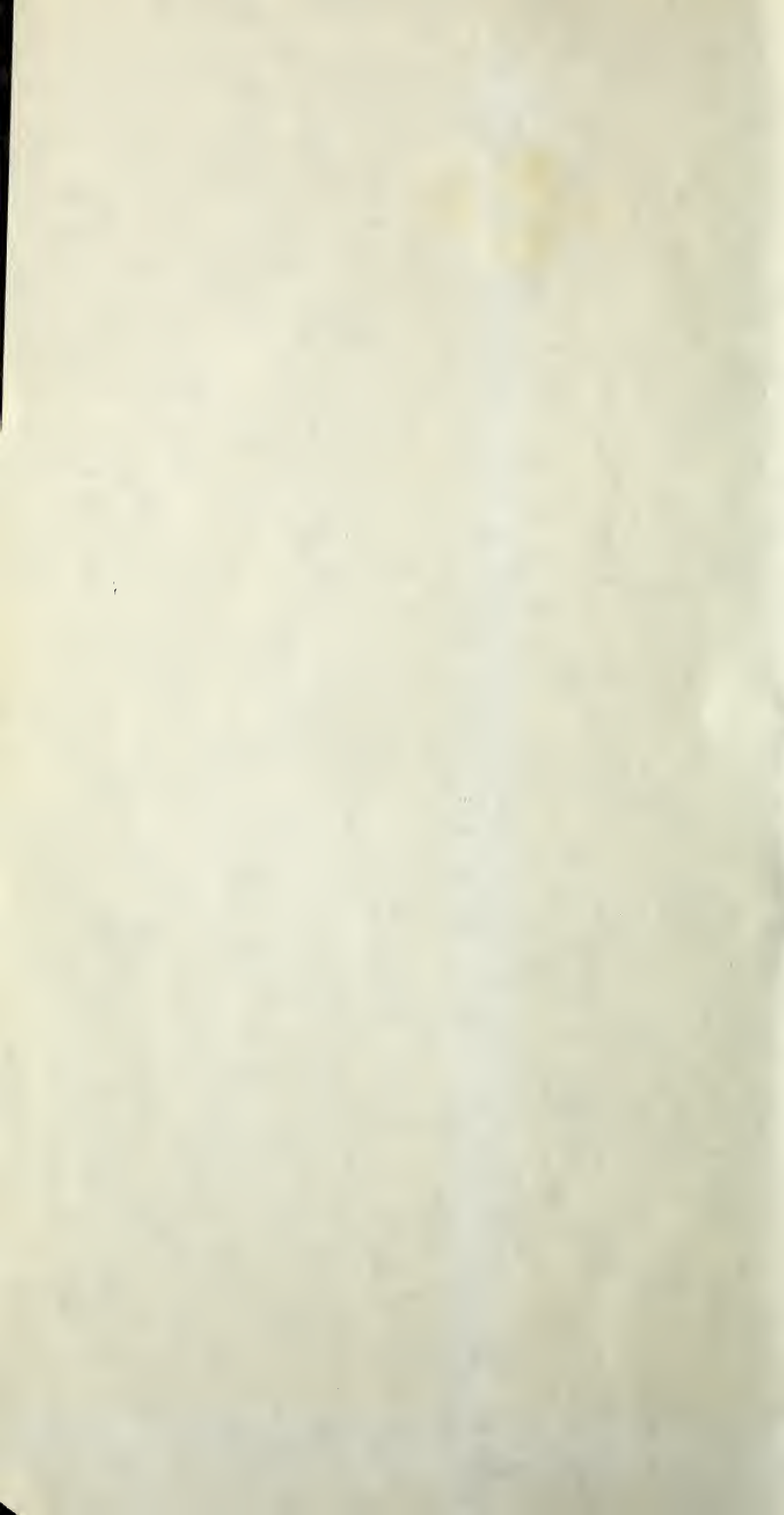


782.12
R 73ce
1867



CINDERELLA

OR,

The Fairy Queen and Glass Slipper.

AN OPERA, IN THREE ACTS.

AS PERFORMED BY THE

RICHINGS ENGLISH OPERA COMPANY.

PHILADELPHIA:
LEDGER JOB PRINTING OFFICE.
1867.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PRINCE.

BARON.

ALIDORO.

DANDINI.

PEDRO.

Hunters, Attendants, Pages, Grantees, &c.

CINDERELLA.

CLORINDA.

THISBE.

FAIRY QUEEN.

Sylphs, Fairies and Ladies, &c.

SCENE—IN THE PRINCIPALITY OF SALERMO.

782.12
R73 c2
1867

CINDERELLA.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE THE FIRST.

The Fairies' Haunt. A romantic view, surrounded by bowers of roses, in the midst of which rises a bubbling fountain. Fairies forming a dance to the following

1. CHORUS. of Fairies

Page No. in
Lacy Score
1830.

P. 12

While sunbeams are glancing,
O'er meadow and mountain,
By grot and cool fountain,
Our revels we keep.
Thus lightly still dancing,
Our own magic measure,
The sweeter our pleasure
When mortals do sleep.

(Fairy Queen suddenly appears. They kneel.)

Queen. Air

Our mistress hail.
From distant regions flying,
I come to claim your duty;
For innocence and beauty,
Now let your spells be wove.
In grief a maid is sighing,
Whose heart must cease to sorrow,
Who shall before to-morrow
Rejoice in happy love.

2. AIR + Chorus

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All.

Queen.

We're here to yield our duty,
We're here our faith to prove.
Obedient to my wishes ye have been,
And soon your queen will recompense your faith!
Go ye, and look adown the distant vale,
And give us warning when a mortal's near.

[One of the Fairies ascends a point, Rock U. E. R., the rest surround the Queen.]

Fairy.

Queen.

Speak, mistress, we give ear.

To all unknown,
I've been the guardian spirit of a maid,
Whose happiness I vow'd, if she proved worthy,
E'en from the time when, at her mother's prayer,
I held the new-born infant at the font.
The goodness of her nature hath been tried
By much of ill, yet hath she borne long years
Of undeserved grief with sweetest patience;
A cruel father and two heartless sisters
Have still embitter'd all her youthful days;
But now the period of her bliss is nigh,
And with your aid full happiness shall crown her.

gen. 10 Speech 5 Sept 58 Freeman & Jan. 59. Back

Fairy.
Queen.

Command, bright mistress; we will all obey. (*Horn.*)
Ye hear the music of yon distant sounds,
Now wafted hither by the morning breeze;
The youthful prince, from distant lands return'd,
Pursues the chase along the diamond forest.
A parent's will, besides his subjects' good,
Binds him to choose a partner of his throne
Before to-morrow's sun crimson the west.
As yet unscathed by love, heart-whole and free,
He reunites the beauties of a court
At this night's entertainments, and his choice
He leaves to chance, a seeming chance, alone;
For I have fixed on her whom he must wed,
The mortal daughter whom your queen befriends.
(*Horn again.*)

Fairy.
Queen.

The chase comes nigh.
Let two of lightest wing,
Like floating gossamer that sports in air,
Fly swift, invisible to human eyes;
Withdraw the prince from all and guide him here,

[*Two little Sylphs ascend and go off R. U. E.*]

Fairy, (R. U. E.)
from rock.) }
Queen.

Where to his sight her image shall be shown,
Who shall to-morrow share his heart and throne.
A mortal's heavy step doth shake the ground.
Then like your queen be all invisible,
Although your agile forms may frolic round him,
And chain his senses with harmonious spell.

[*They retire a little, when the two Sylphs return, conducting the Prince by a chain of flowers, which they unclose and join their companions.*]

3. *Alc* Prince.

Morning its sweets is flinging
Over each bower and spray;
Flowers to life are springing,
To greet the opening day.
Soft floats around
The water's murmuring sound:
Zephyr is gently winging
Round his sportive way,
Birds on each branch are singing,
While echo repeats their lay,
"Tis an enchanted grove,
Sacred to peace and love."

Throughout my pilgrimage of foreign travels, ne'er did I see a spot of such romantic beauty, and yet did my steed refuse to enter it, but rearing back, with ears erect and eyes of fire, he seemed as if some fearful sight had crossed him. If ever there was charmed spot of fairy haunt, this is one, and as my willing steps advanced a strain of melody sighed on my ear and drew me on to follow. The ardor of the chase has robbed me of my companions. If they be not too distant, this will call them to my side. (*Blows horn.*)

4. CONCERTED PIECE.

Pr.

" Music floats on the air.
What spell hath bound me?
In a spot so fair,
Can ill surround me?

Fairies.

Hail to thee, stranger,
Seek not to fly;
Here fear and danger
Ne'er can come nigh.

Kind friends shall guard thee,
 True love reward thee,
 And scenes of pleasure
 Banish each sigh.
Queen. Bliss now attends thee,
 Fortune befriends thee,
 Earth's fairest treasure
 Here wait thine eye.
Prince. Hark! around, above,
 Throughout the grove
 In harmonious measure,
 Voices float by.

(Listens and repeats the words.)

Kind friends—"true love"—
 What magic's nigh?
 What fate attends me?
 What power befriends me?
 With pain and pleasure
 My heart beats high.

Am I truly on enchanted ground, or does my imagination, slave to my delight, lose itself in wild delusions? The cool waters of that flowing fountain will dissipate the vapor of my brain and cool my heated fancy.

[*MUSIC. Approaches the fountain. The Fairy Queen extends her wand, when the fountain disappearing leaves to view the form of CINDERELLA, splendidly attired. PRINCE starts amazed.*]

Ha! what beautiful vision enchants my sight! Mortal or goddess, receive my homage! Let me but know that thou art reality. Let me gaze ever on those celestial features, and with my daring hand remove the mist.

Queen.

Hold!

Prince.

Queen.

What being art thou breaking thus suddenly upon my sight?
 One that will prove thy friend, if thou deserve it;
 For her whom thou would'st now approach, go seek her
 Where thou mayst do so openly and free;
 If thou preferrest virtue unto wealth,
 Goodness and modesty to heartless grandeur,
 Thou may'st e'en this day find her; till then lose her,

(She touches the figure; it sinks.)

But bear her features living in thy heart.

(Horn is heard nearer.)

Thy friends now seek thee and approach this spot;
 Their eyes must not behold it. Prince, farewell!
 As thus I touch thee with my rod of might,
 Let thine eyes close awhile upon the light;
 Let all that's past to thy remembrance seem,
 On thy awaking, as thy fancy's dream.

[*She touches him with her wand; he crosses, and reclines to sleep upon a bank of flowers. L. Fairies retire. Scene closes.*]

SCENE THE SECOND.

A forest glade. Music of hunters grows louder till they enter. The Prince discovered sleeping on bank. Enter ALIDORO, DANDINI and Chorus R. H.

CHORUS. of Hunters

What wild sounds, the hunters attending,
 With the notes of the horns are blending?

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Hark! the clamorous dying call
 Mixing with the torrent's fall,
 Whilst echo, the sound back sending,
 Delights to repeat it all.
 Loudly now through copse and dell
 Let our woodland music swell;
 Till our noble Prince be found,
 Glade and wood be search'd around.
 Soft, behold! o'ercome with sleep,

Dandini, (seeing Prince.) }

5a. CHORUS of Hunters. (2nd time)

He tranquil rests in slumber deep.

Prince, (awaking.) Ha! Alidoro! Friends! (*Starts wildly vp.*)
 Was it then but a dream?

Alidoro. Seized with terror at your absence, we turned on our steps, and —
Prince, (crosses C., not heeding him.) Tell me, friends, as you came, saw you none leave this place?

Dandini. Nothing, my lord, except a few beasts of prey, of which we have made fair havoc.

Prince. Then farewell happiness! I henceforth bear a rankling dart within my breast that may fill my life with sorrow.

Alid. What thus disturbs my Prince? If we have rudely broken your repose—

Prince. Ah! that repose may prove my curse for ever! Come hither, Alidoro! Friends, retire. Alidoro, my peace of mind is all destroyed, and, I almost shame to tell it, by a dream.

Alid. Of horror?

Prince. No, of pure delight, while it lasted, though, like the bright sun of nature, it left naught on its departure but clouds and darkness. Oh, I have seen in the mirror of my fancy a being of such surpassing excellence that nothing of earthly mould can equal her!

Alid. Has my prince not seen features that, though forgotten for a time —

Prince. None like to hers; the eye that saw them once would stamp them on the heart for ever! Oh, if I thought that such a being lived, I would search the world and give up my throne to obtain her.

Alid. Nay, Prince, that were more likely to mar your chance than mend it. Your Grace's vision now recalls to my remembrance a dream that hath some touch of coincidence with your present situation, though I had nigh forgotten it.

Prince. Tell me of it. I'll snatch at every hope, however wild, that will soothe my present torture.

Alid. On the first night of our return from Pachia methought a female form of fairy mould and dazzling brightness, in her small hand a rod of snowy white gemmed with the semblance of a blazing star, appeared before me —

Prince, (impetuously.) I saw her in my dream. Go on!

Alid. And commanded me, as I valued the happiness of this realm, to guide my sovereign to the old castle of the Baron of Montifescio, where virtue, youth, and beauty awaited him worthy of a throne.

Prince. The Baron's family is one of those invited to the palace to-night, and his daughters, whom, however, I never saw, are reported fair and accomplished, though he himself, they say, is but a pompous fool.

Alid. I would suggest to you, gracious prince, to call at the castle on thy way homeward, and as a cover to the real cause of your visit let the ladies of Montifescio be invited to the tourney that precedes the evening's feast, and we will conduct them to the palace as we return.

Prince. 'Tis well—be it so.

Alid. Go on, friends, towards that castle yonder (*points L. H.*), and announce the Prince's approach.

Prince. Dandini, stay you with me and Alidoro. Go, friends.

CHORUS.

Our noble prince is found;
Let the wood with joy abound. (*resound*)

[*Hunters bow, and exit L. H.*]

Prince. I would observe, yet be myself unnoticed; and I have bethought me of a way to escape the importunities of folly and avoid the fatigue of ceremony. I will divest myself of my pomp awhile, and lay the dull weight of royalty even on thee, Dandini.

Dand. On me, Prince!

Prince. On thy very self. Thou hast often aped the manners of the great for others' entertainment, I've been told. Thou shalt do so again for mine, and be as ridiculous as it may please thee.

Dand. Nay, then, only let me become prince for a time, and you shall see the learned will wonder at my knowledge, the fashion-mongers extoll my manners, and the women will swear I'm a most ravishing creature.

Prince. Here take my insignia. (*Giving hat and cloak, with star on it.*) It is to these baubles, and not to myself, that the world's honor is shown. 'Tis but for a time thou shalt possess them. I will become the wearer again shortly, and nothing will have been lost. Come, let us haste.

Dand. Stay, Alidoro; help me on with my new toilet. I am a great man now, and must do nothing.

Prince. What, sir, is that one of your privileges?

Dand. Certainly; if we great ones were to work for ourselves, some of us would grow little enough.

Prince. Well, well, come let us on. You, Alidoro, join the train gone forward, while I, unobserved and at liberty, will indulge in my own humor. Come, let us on.

Dand. Stay! If I am to be a great man, my dignity must not be offended. I must go first, and you may follow. [*Exeunt, L. H.*]

[*End of Scene the Second.*]

SCENE THE THIRD.

A Gothic room in the Baron's castle, opening into garden. On each side of stage a full-length mirror; on R. U. E. an antique high fire-place; CINDERELLA discovered seated by fire-place, on a low stool; CLORINDA and THISBE stand before mirrors L. H.—CLORINDA practising a dancing step; THISBE trying a flower on her head.

6. TRIO.

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| | |
|--------------|---|
| <i>Clor.</i> | No, no, no, no—with step so light, With such grace and easy air, None will dance this joyful night. |
| <i>This.</i> | Yes, yes, yes, yes—this flower I'll wear Better here—no, better there, Fasten'd thus within my hair. |
| <i>Both.</i> | With such beauty and such skill, Every heart I'll gain at will. |
| <i>Cind.</i> | Once there chanced a king to be, Who to marry had a mind; So he sought a wife to find, And he'd his choice of fair ones three. |

Thus 'tis said,
Scorning wealth and charms alone;
Virtue's call his heart obey'd,
And he chose a lowly maid
To share his love and throne.

Fal, la! la! la.

Clor. and This. }
(angrily.) }

Cinderella, pray how long
Must that ditty be repeated?
In my chimney corner seated,
Let me sing my own old song:
Once there chanced a king to be—
Once there chanced—did ever any one see?
Will give over—yes or no?
Or I'll stop thee with a blow.

Clor. and This. }
(beating her.) }

(They return to mirrors.)

With such beauty and such skill,
Every heart we'll gain at will.
Once there chanced, &c.

Cind.

Clor. And so, Madam Cinderella, after having done nothing but dress our heads, you think you may sit there singing your old melancholy ballad as if you were in your kitchen, do you? Have you done the work we ordered you last night?

Cind. All is finished. I didn't go to bed till two this morning.

Clor. Dear me! great cause of complaint, to be sure! What should we say, who danced the other night till three o'clock and yet were up before twelve?

Cind. Nay, dancing doesn't tire.

This. You think so?

Cind. I'm sure of it. Oh! I could dance twenty-four hours running!

Clor. What a pity you're not invited to the ball! You'd like to go, I dare say?

Cind. Oh! that I should!

Clor. Ha! ha! ha! You'd be a pretty figure at a ball!

This. Ha! ha! ha! Especially in that tasty dress!

Clor. Go, and put such idle thoughts out of your head, and be grateful to us for keeping you employed; for, depend upon it, my dear, work is pleasure!

Cind. Is it? I'm very sorry to hear it.

Clor. and This. Why?

Cind. Because then you never have any pleasure.

Clor. Get you gone into the kitchen again till we call you. *(As Cinderella is going, a knock is heard C. D.)* Stay! some one knocks. See who it is.

[CINDERELLA opens door—FAIRY QUEEN enters disguised as a beggar-woman.]

7. QUARTETTE.

Queen.

" Grant me charity, I pray."

Clor. and This.

Idle crone! hence, away!

[*They turn their backs, and arrange their persons at their mirrors. CINDERELLA goes kindly to FAIRY, makes her sit by fire, gives her food, and hides her from CLORINDA and THISBE.*]

Cind.

Don't ye go away in sorrow;
This your hunger will allay.

Queen.

Happiness before to-morrow
May thy charity repay.

Cind.

May I still relieve the sorrow
Of the needy on their way.

Clor. and This.

Every art and grace I'll borrow,
My attractions to display.

Clor. (turns round.) What! that ragged pauper still here! What insolence! Hence, or we'll have you dragged through the horsepond; and as for you, you little slut——! *(Goes to Cinderella, who shrinks behind Queen.)*

Queen, (interposing.) Hold! harm her not for having been charitable. I am going; your unfeeling hearts will yet be punished. As for you, gentle maid, fear them not; their power to hurt you is past, and your humanity ere long will meet reward. [Exit C. D.]

Clor. Who ever heard such impudence? I would have punished her myself, but for a dreadful pain that just then came into my arm. I declare, owing to this girl's folly, ours is become a regular house of call for all the vagabonds in the country.

Cind. There are so many unfortunate wretches in the world!

This. But we are not unfortunate wretches: we shall be robbed some day or other.

Clor. You shall go without your dinner for this.

This. Aye, and your supper, too; I will take care of that. Go back to your kitchen.

Cind. (crosses R. Aside.) Well, no matter, I have relieved the distressed, and will eat my dry crust with the more satisfaction. [Exit R. H.]

Clor. But where can that lazy fellow, Pedro, be delaying all this while? It's more than two hours since he went to town for our new dresses. I hope mine will be well made; it's to be all trimmed with gold.

This. And mine is to be pink satin, trimmed with silver.

Clor. Yes, but I'm to wear, because I'm the eldest, a beautiful Spanish hat and feathers. I hope Pedro will take every care of it; I wouldn't have it spoiled for the world.

[Enter PEDRO C. D., with a large bandbox containing robes, hats, &c., with other packages under his arms and in his pockets.]

Ped. Here I am at last! Ugh! what a trot I've had of it, to be sure!

Clor. and This. Now for it! Now for it!

Clor. Have you brought everything?

Ped. Yes, miss, everything I was told, except I forgot something. *(Places bandbox in C. of stage.)*

Clor. Well, Pedro, but where have you been all this while?

Ped. Been? Bless you, I've been everywhere. First to the mantuamakers, then to the staymakers, then to the shoemakers; in fact, to all sorts of makers, *(gives parcels.)* There are the gloves; there are the shoes; there are the wigs—I mean the curls: the hair-dresser says there won't be such fronts as yours at the ball—there are the flowers, and there is the rouge.

Clor. And have you brought my beautiful Spanish hat and feathers?

Ped. Yes, miss, it's in the bandbox.

Clor. Oh, I must try it on directly! Now, Pedro, run and tell Cinderella to take the things out of the bandbox for us; do you hear? *(Turns glass round to her.)*

Ped. Yes, miss, *(running R.)* Ha! ha!

[CLORINDA and THISBE hurry him backwards—he falls in the bandbox—they raise and beat him off C. D. CLORINDA takes out hat flattened and broken.]

Clor. Here's a head-dress for the ball! Oh, my beautiful hat! I must now go without it. I'll have that wretch turned away, I'm determined; he does nothing but mischief.

[R. enter CINDERELLA R. H.]

Cind. Do you want me, sisters? I mean—

Clor. Why didn't you come sooner?

Cind. I didn't know that you—

Clor. Silence! Remove those things directly; and *(horn)* what's that? Cinderella, run to the front, and—

[Enter PEDRO hastily, C. D.]

Ped. Where's my master? Where's the baron? Here's a grand to-do; here's
a—

Both. What's the matter?

Ped. Oh! such a boar!

Clor. A boar!

Ped. Yes, a wild boar!

Both, (screaming.) Ah!

Ped. Yes, but he's dead though. I had just gone to the gate when a great cavalcade of hunters carrying dead game, enough to stock our pantry for a twelve-month, came up. Oh, here they come!

[*Exit R. H.*]

[*Enter ALIDORO, with hunters and PRINCE'S attendants.*]

2.

QUARTETTE AND CHORUS.

"Back from his morning chase our noble Prince doth ride,
And to this mansion now doth bend his way,
Unto his palace your steps to guide,
Where joy will reign this happy day;
Where soon some envied bride,
Of this whole realm the pride,
Our hearts will sway.

Clor. and This. (eagerly.)

The Prince himself, you say?

Alid. and Hunt.

Now comes this way;

Clor. and This.

And soon some envied bride?

Alid. and Hunt.

Will all obey.

Clor. and This. (calling Cinderella from each other.)

Quartet

Cinderella, quick, come here!

+ Chorus

Bring my things unto my room;

Cinderella, do you hear?

Get my necklace and my plume,—

What confusion's in my brain!

Now my triumph is at hand;

Who knows yet but I may reign

Chosen queen o'er all the land?

Cind. (having run from one to the other, stops.)

Cinderella, now run here;

Cinderella, now run there;

Cinderella, come this way;

Cinderella night and day.

'Tis enough to rive one's brain

Thus to slave at their command,

Treated ever with disdain,

And abused on every hand.

Alid. and Cho.

What confusion's in their brain!

(Aside.)

Now the contest is at hand;

Each is hoping yet to reign

Chosen queen o'er all the land!

Clor. Here, Cinderella, lead the attendants to get refreshments. Thanks, good friends; we feel honored by the Prince's condescension, and deem his visit a most signal favor.

[*Exeunt ALIDORO, CINDERELLA, and HUNTERS, C. D.*]

(Embraces Thisbe.) Oh, my dear Thisbe, what happiness! We shall see the Prince!

This. He will hand us out.

Clor. How we shall be stared at! What an honor! but, bless me, the Prince coming and our father not yet up! I must run and inform him.

This. No; I must be the first to tell him the news.

Clor. Indeed you shan't, though. I am the eldest and must be the principal agent in all family matters.

This. Well, then, I'll go with you.

(They go off L., and return, pulling the Baron on, and both speaking.)

Father! father! oh, such news! such an honor! such! —

(He casts them off; they affect sorrow.)

10. SONG.—BARON.

" Ye tormentors, wherefore came ye?
 I disown you—I disclaim ye;
 Such a glorious dream just dreaming,
 And to wake me with your screaming."

[*The Baron refuses them his hand to kiss; they affect grief when he looks at them, but laugh aside; he observes only their pretended mortification.*]

See with sorrow how they're swelling;
 Pretty creatures, how they fear me!
 (*He embraces them, and takes their hands.*)

Come, then; silence now and hear me
 Whilst my wondrous dream I'm telling:
 To the garden as I hied me,
 Methought a jackass rose beside me;
 Yes, a jackass, but such a love!
 When of a sudden, portentous wonder!
 From his shoulders, broad asunder,
 Two large wings shot out above,
 And in the air up he flew;
 And atop a neighboring belfry,
 Fast he stuck before my view;
 Then the bells began a-sounding,
 Right from under where he sat,
 When chi, chi, chu, chu, in bounding,
 You awoke me with your chat.
 Of this dream now, so astounding,
 Hear me thus the sense expounding:
 Bells at festivals are sounded—
 That means joy to us unbounded;
 Then the wings, too, they mean you,
 And the flight—plebeians, adieu!
 Now the ass remains, and he,
 Rest assured, means plainly me.
 Whoe'er beholds you at once may gather
 That the jackass is your father.
 You are fated each, believe me,
 To become a fruitful queen,
 And grand-children, by the dozen,
 Soon around me will be seen;
 A young king in embryo here,
 Servant, servant, mighty poppet;
 A young queen about me there;
 Servant, servant, royal moppet;
 And as I'm the parent vine,
 All this glory will be mine.

Baron. Yes, my wonderful dream portends something, and if your tongues hadn't drowned the bells, there's no knowing what I should have made of it.

Clor. and This. (*having been impatient to speak.*) Oh! father ——

Clor. I've such news to tell you.

This. Do you know that ——?

Baron. What! I suppose your dresses have come home.

Clor. Oh! as to that, yes, and beautiful they are, too.

This. Mine is trimmed with silver.

Clor. And mine with gold.

Baron. Yes, and the silver and gold trimmed out of my pocket. But no matter, so long as we support the dignity of our house! No later than yesterday I fell asleep over the family tree, tracing our noble line. There have been princes among the blood of the Pumpolinos, and I find that we descend perpendicularly in the male line from Peter the Foolish, and horizontally in the female line from Barbara the Cruel, and neither males nor females have degenerated.

Clor. He'll never stop. Didn't you hear the horns sound a little while back?

Baron. The horns! What, then, are horns a novelty to the house of Pumpolino? (*Crosses to L.*)

This. But the Prince has been hunting in the forest.

Baron. Hunting! ha! ha! ha! By my ancestors, but he's a rare prince! Scarcely returned a week from his travels he hunts in the morning, gives a ball at night, and yet married next day.

Clor. and This. Married!

Baron. Yes, he's bound by a special clause in his father's will to marry in a month after its date, and to-morrow the fatal period arrives. (*Crosses C.*) That's the reason why he this night gives a grand entertainment, and has invited all the noble families of his principality—us, of course.

Clor. Well, then, he's now coming here.

Baron. Eh! what? coming here?

Clor. Yes, in a few minutes. (*They speak quickly, one after the other; Baron turns to each other alternately.*)

This. He has sent to say —

Clor. Attended by his followers.

This. We're to be conducted to the pal—

Baron. Zounds! one at a time, or I can hear neither.

Clor. and This. (together, quickly.) Well, then, the Prince, who has been hunting in the forest the whole morning —

Baron. There again! (*Putting his hand over Clorinda's mouth, and turning to Thisbe.*) Now, my dear, while she's silent do you go on.

This. Well, then, in one word, the Prince is coming here himself to conduct us with all honor to his palace.

Baron. The prince is coming here? I'm all amazement and stupefaction. Oh! my daughters, what an honor for the Pumpolinos! One of ye is certainly destined! Remember the feathers, the flight, the ass. It's all coming true. Take care how you speak, look, and move. Now's the time for you to display all the natural graces you inherit from your father. (*Crosses R.*)

This. But I mustn't be seen in this horrible disguise.

Clor. Oh, if the Prince catches me undressed, I shall faint.

Baron. Zounds! and I, too, in this old gown and night-cap! Cinderella, fetch me my wig. (*Calls R.*)

This. Cinderella, come and lace me.

Clor. Cinderella, bring my new sash.

[*Exeunt omnes L. D.*]

[*Enter PRINCE, disguised as DANDINI, C. D., during symphony.*]

RECITATIVE.

All around is silent; this mansion a desert seems;
I know not wherefore thus I have consented
To yield me the sport of chance;
The words my friend imparted
Were that within this mansion
Reside virtue, youth, and beauty,
Worthy to grace a throne and make me happy.
To marry, yet not to love! Oh, law tyrannic,
That in youth's blooming season,
Harshly my heart to barter thus condemns me!
What means this silence?

[*Enter CINDERELLA, singing, plate of bread in her hand.*]

Cind. Once there chanced a king to be —

(*Runs against PRINCE—screams.*)

Ah! oh, mercy!

Prince. What is it?

Cind. You alarmed me so, sir.

Prince. Did you think me some monster?

Cind. Yes! I—I—mean no, sir.

(*A pause; each observes the other in amazement.*)

11. DUET.

Prince. Whence this soft and pleasing flame
That within my breast hath passed?
Cind. Wherefore thus within my frame
Does my heart now beat so fast?
Prince. What resemblance her features bear!
Cind. I would speak, yet I scarcely dare.
Together. Mildly beaming, brightly gleaming,
In those eyes beauty sits smiling,
And my heart e'en now beguiling,
O'er me throws it's magic snare.
Prince. Of the Baron the lovely daughters
I fain would see, if here they dwell.
Cind. They are yonder in their chambers;
Soon they'll come; then, hope, farewell!
Prince. Who are you, then, may I know?
Cind. That, alas! I scarce can tell.
Prince. How! not tell?
Cind. Truly so!
By my father disregarded,
From my family discarded;
Having early lost my mother,
Without sister, without brother,
Then my father, in conclusion:
Nay, I'm lost in strange confusion;
I scarce know what I have said.
Oh, forgive and judge with mildness
Of a poor and simple maid!
Prince. How enchanting is her wildness
Thus with innocence arrayed!

Clor. and This. (calling without L. H.) Cinderella, come here to me.

Baron. Cinderella!

Prince. What can all that outcry be?

Cind. (crosses L.) Farewell, Sir Stranger, my duties call me;
Ah, whate'er may now befall me,
This poor heart no more is mine!

Prince. To my reason pride recall me!
Though her beauty may enthrall me,
Thoughts so wild I must resign.

[*Exit CINDERELLA L.*]

Prince. What innocence! what simplicity! and her features so resembling—. Yet her mean attire! My thoughts seem to wander strangely. Is she dependent?—some humble friend of the family, perhaps. I would give much that her station were such as would allow her being invited to the feast.

[*Enter ALIDORO C. Comes down R.*]

Well, Alidoro, are all my train instructed to treat Dandini as my representative?

Alid. All, Prince; though his ridiculous airs somewhat discompose the necessary gravity of his companions. Has your highness yet beheld the daughters of the Baron?

Prince. No, I have hitherto seen none but a young girl in poor attire, whose beauty, however, would merit admiration even in a court.

Alid. (crosses L.) See, here comes the Baron with his daughters. Observe all, and be careful not to betray yourself.

[*Enter BARON in an old-fashioned court suit, CLORINDA and THISBE richly habited.*]

Have we the honor of seeing the Baron Pumpolino?

Baron. Yes, gentlemen, you have. May I know in return who you are?

Alid. My name, sir, is Alidoro.

Baron. Alidoro! How! are you that wise and illustrious sage whose learning, whose flaming lights, whose——? I have the honor to present my daughters to you.

[PRINCE and ALIDORO bow—CLORINDA and THISBE endeavor to attract the notice of the PRINCE.]

Baron, (bows and crosses to Prince.) I have the honor, no doubt, of seeing one of the principal lords of the court.

Alid. No, Baron, only a simple squire of the Prince.

Baron, (changing to condescending familiarity.) How do ye do, friend?

(Crosses C.)

Clor. (having looked graciously at Prince, turns away disdainfully.) Only a squire! I guessed he was something of the kind.

This. Yes, he has the air of a commoner.

Prince, (aside to Alidoro.) If these be his only daughters——

Alid. (aside to Prince.) Patience, and decide not hastily.

Baron, (to Alidoro.) Learned sir, may I inquire to what I owe the flattering honor of your visit?

Alid. The Prince is in your neighborhood. Having heard a fair report of your daughters, he is desirous of beholding them. (*Horn.*) But hold! that horn announces the Prince's arrival.

Baron, (aside to his daughters.) Call up your sweetest smiles.

Alid. The Prince is here!

[MUSIC. Enter DANDINI, pompously, and attendants, C. D.]

Dand. By all our princely ancestors, but we've had noble sport, Baron. You may kiss our hand. We are informed that fate has made you father of fascinating daughters.

Baron. Fate has smiled on me, and aided my paternal endeavors to continue the line of my noble house. The fruit, noble Prince, is before you.

Dand. We do congratulate you, Baron. May I be permitted the honor of a chaste salute? Virgin No. 1! (Crosses to Clorinda.)

Clor. What touching goodness!

Dand. Virgin No. 2!

This. What considerate attention!

Dand. I rather like this, though. Baron, these are two charming Venuses. They are papa all over. (Crosses C. between ladies.)

Clor. Oh, Prince!

This. Oh, Sire!

Baron. He is caught! The descendants of Peter the Foolish will still be mixed with royal blood. Your highness then does incontinently marry to-morrow?

Dand. Most incontinently! I'm tired of the world's pleasures. I must marry!

Baron. And may I ask what are the qualifications your highness expects to find in the lady you take to wife?

Dand. Why, I am moderate; only let her possess youth, modesty, beauty, grace, wit, and talent, and I'm content.

Baron. Your highness then has popped into the right place.

Dand. And now, fair ladies, if you will honor our learned tutor, the wise Alidoro, with your delicate hands, he will prepare all for your departure.

(Alidoro crosses to ladies.)

Baron. I'll but get my cane, and tread upon your royal heels in a moment, and will follow you directly. [Exit L. U. E.]

[Exeunt CLORINDA, THISBE, ALIDORO, and attendants, C. D.]

Dand. Now, Prince, have I not done bravely?

Paince. Out upon thee! thou hast libeled gentility most grossly.

Dand. Consider my short notice.

Prince. What made thee speak such big words?

Dand. 'Tis but fitting, Prince, since I am great myself, that my words should be so too. My Prince, with your permission—

Prince. Hush! be silent! what is he saying?
Dand. Well, but go we? why are we staying?
Prince. My doubts I must allay.
Cind. But one half hour—do, pray!
Baron. Hence, to thy work betake thee!
 Begone, or this shall make you!
Prince and Dand. Forbear, sir!

[*Enter ALIDORO. Goes to PRINCE L. H.*]

Baron. Please your eminence—
 Begone, I say—royal excellence!
 'Tis this vile servant's insolence.
Prince, Dand., and Alid. Servant?
Cind. Nay, sure—
Baron. Hence, impudence!
 Behave with proper reverence.
 Begone from here;
 Again appear,
 I'll punish thee, I swear.
Prince and Alid. What feelings rise
 I (you) must disguise,
 I (you) still the mask must wear.
Dand. Good Baron, nay,
 Your wrath allay;
 I must protect the fair!
Cind. A slave, alas!
 My life to pass,—
 Hard fate beyond compare!
 Persuade him, kind sirs, to let me
 To this grand ball repair.

Baron, (without L.) Leave me, I say, this moment, or else—

Cind. (without.) Only one word, sir.

Baron, (without.) Begone, I tell you.

Prince. Hark! what noise!

Cind. (without.) Do but hear me, sir!

[*Enter BARON in anger, followed by CINDERELLA, L. L. E.*]

Baron. I won't; I've no time. Now, Prince, I attend you.

Prince, (aside.) 'Tis she again. (*As they are going Cinderella pulls the skirt of Baron's coat.*)

Baron, (turns round angrily.) How now! What want you?

12. FINALE.

Cind. " My lord, deign but to hear me.
 To ask a favor, may I dare?
 To dance but one hour; oh, let me
 To this grand ball repair.
Baron. Hi—hi! A pretty Venus, I must say,
 A charming exhibition;
 To thy cinders hence away;
 Stop me not, I must not stay.

[*Enter FAIRY QUEEN, disguised. She gives an open book to ALIDORO, with an injunction to silence, and goes off. ALIDORO reads, surprised, and advances to BARON.*]

13. Quintetto

Alid. " Here 'tis set down, my lord—
 Behold! and see—
 That you're the parent
 Of daughters three;

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Aye, daughters three.
 Now ere the Prince bestows his hand,
 I your third daughter hereby demand.
 I a *third* daughter? You've been misled.
 Her name's Angelina.
 She, sir, is dead!
 Yet in this book 'tis not so said,
 Sure, 'tis of me they speak. No, she's not dead.
 Baron, (*driving Cinderella into L; apart to her with repressed violence.*)
 Another word, my fury dread.
 That you are dead but dare deny,
 And, by my life, e'en here you die.
 Prince and Alidoro. Dead, sir, you said?
 Baron. Your highness, quite dead! (*Pause.*)

14. QUINTETTE.

Dandini
 Midst doubts confusing,
 Uncertain musing,
 Their mind's commotion,
 Like waves of the ocean,
 Still rolling wide,
 Will not subside.
 Baron. Dare but to breathe again
 One single syllable,
 And on this very spot
 You surely die.
 Cind. Oh, sirs, protect me,
 Do not forsake me;
 Your kind assistance
 Do not deny.

[Enter ATTENDANTS C. D.]

Alid. End this dissension,
 Longer delay not;
 For our departure
 The hour is nigh.
 Prince. No more of violence,
 Poor maiden, fear not;
 On our protection
 You may rely,
 Dand. Shall my authority
 Be disregarded?
 Be silent, all ye;
 Oh, fie! oh, fie!
 Hunters, &c. All now is ready,
 Time quick doth fly;
 Over the mountains
 The sun is high.

[*Exeunt DANDINI, BARON, PRINCE, &c., C. D. CINDERELLA retires discontentedly L. H.*]

[END OF ACT THE FIRST.]

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE THE FIRST.

A Chamber in the Palace. Enter PRINCE and DANDINI R. H.

15. *Dialogued* QUARTETTE.

Prince. "Softly, softly, in a whisper,
So that none may overhear us.
Now that nobody is near us,
Say, what think you of the fair?
Dand. Why, then, softly and in a whisper,
Without any hesitation
Of caprice and affectation,
They're a compound, I declare.
Prince. Without any more debating,
Neither shall be mine, I swear.
Dand. Ever flirting, ever prating,
They're, in truth, a precious pair!

[*Enter CLORINDA L.*]

Clor. Tell me why, Prince, you're so cruel?

[*Enter THISBE R. H.*]

This. Why, alas! Prince, do you fly me?
Both. I must have you ever near me,
Or you'll drive me to despair.
Dand. Softly, ladies, soft, and hear me:
Wed two sisters—that, I fear me,
Would all proper bounds outgo:
One I'll marry and the other
On my squire here I'll bestow.
Both. No, no, no, no, no, no;
Wed a squire? not so, not so.
Prince. Lovely fair, do not refuse me,
You'll repent not if you choose me.
Both. Wed a squire? good sir, excuse me;
No, no, no; it will not do;
Wed a low-born creature,
Coarse in manners and in feature?
Oh, the idea is so horrid
It is more than I can bear.
Prince and Dand. So much candor in a woman
Is a virtue somewhat rare.

Prince. May I be permitted to entertain the hopes, fair lady, with which his highness, the Prince, has flattered me?

Clor. Well, I'm sure, for a man like you to address a woman of my consequence! No, sir, you may address my sister, if you please. (*Crosses to Dandini.*)

Prince. I must then turn my fond hopes to you, sweet lady.

This. Then you are a very bold man. (*Crosses.*) The impudence and ignorance of some people is quite laughable.

Dand. The Prince's hat and cloak carry it all hollow.

Prince, (aside.) Well, I'm sure, never prince was so candidly treated. 'Tis not the Prince but the squire they repulse; and now that my unfavorable opinion of them is confirmed, their arrogance shall be fitly mortified. Hark! Dandini, the frolic must now end. I must strip thee of thy peacock's feathers, and leave thee the jay thou wert before.

Dand. What! must I abdicate so soon?

Prince. Aye, and thou must not only descend from thy throne, but confess thyself to their father.

Dand. Why, he'll break my head.

Prince. That's of little consequence. But see that he quits not the palace. His folly is amusing, and I should miss him in our evening revels. [*Exit R. H.*]

Dand. And so ends all Dandini's greatness. Before, however, I descend into private life, I'll see if I can't retire with a like advantage! Roseate beauties, I am rather a romantic kind of monarch, and am weak enough to desire being beloved for myself. Tell me, then, is it not rather my throne and my crown?

Both. Oh, Prince, would you attack our punctilious honor?

Dand. Not even in my dreams.

This. As for me, were your highness the lowest of your subjects, I would still prefer you to all others.

Clor. A cottage and your heart is all I desire.

Dand. You enchant me! But see, your noble father comes this way. So, sweetest charmers, deign to retire for a few minutes.

[*Exit CLOREIDA and THISBE R. H.*]

And now for the poor Baron.

[*Enter BARON L. H.*]

Baron. Ah, Prince, excuse my intrusion; pardon a father's eagerness if I crave to know which of my two daughters is your honored choice?

Dand. My choice is already made, but you must be silent.

Baron. I'll be dumb.

Dand. It's in confidence, mind.

Baron. I'm upon thorns.

Dand. Well, then, bring a seat, Baron. (*They sit.*)

16 DUET.

Dand.

"Sir, a secret most important,
Most peculiar, nay, most confounding,
You must hear me now declare;
'Tis a matter so astounding
It may chance to make you stare.
From the lips of men of wisdom,
Counsel, sir, comes ever wiser.
How to treat her be my adviser,
If I wed your daughter fair.
I'm made chancellor already.

Baron.

Since your royal condescension
Such a matter deigns to mention,
My advice to you I'll dare:
Ever ready in the hall
Be twenty servants at her call;
A hundred horses in her stable,
Fifty covers at her table,
Choicest fruit and rarest wine,
Whene'er her majesty shall dine;
And when to ride she hath a mind,
A guard of honor march behind.
Then 'tis time to tell you, plainly,
For all this she must hope vainly;
Horses, wine, and sumptuous table
To afford her I'm not able.
To great folks, sir, I've no call,
But keep with servants in the hall.

Dand.

Baron.

Dand.

Baron.

Dand.

Are you serious?
The farce is o'er, sir?
All has been, then—
A jest; no more, sir.

All my grandeur's but a joke,
 And my princedom ends in smoke;
 For the real Prince arriving,
 Of the mask my face depriving,
 Lays me under the obligation
 To resume my situation.
 I'm a valet, sir, by station,
 Brushing clothes my occupation;
 Of the wardrobe I take care,
 Shave my master and dress his hair,
 Shave his master and dress his hair!

Baron.

[BARON *exit* L. H.; DANDINI R. H.]

[*End of Scene the First.*]

SCENE THE SECOND.

The Kitchen. Cinderella discovered.

Cind. The image of that stranger seems always before me; how kind his looks! I'm sure the Prince that I saw afterwards was nothing to compare to him. Ah, me! I wish I could see him again. My sisters are now enjoying themselves, while I am not allowed to share in the smallest pleasure, but am left, after toiling hard every day, to pass my nights in solitude and sorrow.

[*Enter PEDRO L. H.*]

Ped. Well, Miss Cinderella, you are as solitary as an old hermit. Those amiable sisters of yours are off to the Prince's ball. I hope they won't keep us up all night. I've done all my work, miss; and now, if you'll give me leave, I'll do yours also.

Cind. I thank you, Pedro; you are ever good-natured, but I will finish my task myself.

Ped. Why, you're scarcely able. Here have you been on your legs ever since five o'clock this morning—

Cind. I am accustomed to that every morning.

Ped. Whilst your lady sisters never get up before eleven or twelve.

Cind. My father says that sleep is necessary for their health.

Ped. Well, it's pretty treatment, and for what reason, I should like to know? Is it because you're of the second bed? What then? Wasn't nature nature in both cases? It's barbarous usage, I say, though you do bear it like a holy martyr. You are moping here in the kitchen; your sisters are gone to jig it at the Prince's grand ball. Oh, I wish they may both get the cramp in their legs the very first dance.

Cind. That's a wicked wish, Pedro.

Ped. I can't help it; I love your little finger better than their two bodies, and I can't understand why your father —

Cind. My sisters have often told me that my father conceived a dislike against me in my childhood for my ugliness.

Ped. Ugliness! Why, doesn't everybody know that the uglier you are when young the prettier you are when you grow up? Why, no one would believe it now, but at two years old I was quite a fright. I'm sure your sisters must have been born precious handsome. They are a couple of Algerine barbarians. Didn't they make you change your own pretty name of Angelina into Cinderella, after being themselves the cause of keeping you among the cinders? But never mind; bear what name you will, you're an honor and an ornament to it. It will be a famous name yet. Gad! I wish I had the christening of them; I'd give them an ella; I'd call one of 'em Vixenella and the other Spitfirella.

Cind. Pray, Pedro, did you hear who that was that came here before the Prince?

Ped. No, but I believe he was somebody, for he didn't look nobody.

Cind. Can you keep a secret, Pedro?

Ped. Not if you tell it me; I'm like a woman; I only conceal what I don't know; and the only secret I should care to know is when shall we be happier.

(*A label L. H. shows the words—"Thy woes shall soon end."*)

Cind. Ha! (*reads.*) "*Thy woes shall soon end.*"

Pedro. Will they? but I should like to see yours end at the same time. I don't know, but I may do something desperate for us both yet, and if I get hanged for it — (*The label changes.*)

Cind. (*reads.*) "*Thou'lt meet thy just reward.*"

Ped. I am much obliged to you, I'm sure.

Cind. Am I awake?

Ped. I should think not.

Cind. Pedro, do you see anything there?

Ped. Come now, no tricks; it's not the first time I have been alone with a woman; I know now what it is; it's only a jocular description caused by the light of the fire. I'll just poke it up a little, and you'll see it will absolve the whole mystery.

Chorus. Indolence!

17. *Fairy*

CHORUS.—WITHOUT.

Cease, Cinderella,
Cease to grieve thee;
For, come to relieve thee,
Thy friends are nigh.

(*Pedro retreats as Fairy Queen enters from fire-place.*)

Queen. Bless, thee, my god-child!

Cind. Ah! godmother, how did you come in?

Ped. (*aside.*) By a door of her own making.

Queen. Pedro, is this the welcome you give your favorite's godmother?

Ped. I'm very glad to see you, granny. I wonder if she knows it's a lie?

Queen. But, godchild, thine eyes look red, as though thou had'st been weeping. Come, what is thy sorrow?

Cind. I am very miserable; I wish I could —

Queen. Thou wishest thou could'st go to the Prince's ball. Is it not so?

Cind. Y-e-s —

Pedro. Eh?

Queen. Well, be a good girl, and I will contrive that thou shalt go.

Ped. I hope she's not going to play off any of her devil's tricks.

Cind. Nay, godmother, if you can do that, you must surely be a witch.

Ped. (*aside.*) That's a plumper.

Queen. Nay, child, that is an uncouth word; I am somewhat more—a fairy. But, come, let us haste; time is flying fast, and the ball will soon begin. Pedro—

Ped. Eh!

Queen. Run into the garden, and fetch me a pumpkin.

Ped. A what?

Queen. Obey me.

Ped. I'm gone.

[*Exit L. H.*]

Queen. Thou wilt wonder at thy godmother's power, but it is only on rare occasions, and for the good, that I display my magic skill.

[*Enter PEDRO with a pumpkin, L.*]

Ped. Well, I wonder what a pumpkin has to do with her going to the ball?

Queen. Lay it on the dresser; that pumpkin shall become a coach for thy mistress.

Ped. Well, what if it does? What is a coach without horses?

Queen. Horses shall not be wanting; the tiny prisoners in yonder mouse-trap will form noble steeds, and be glad of their liberty in any shape.

Ped. What! make horses of the mice? Ha! ha! what an elegant turn-out it will be!

Cind. But, godmother, horses can't go by themselves. What must we do for a coachman?

Ped. I have it! Since you are going to transmogrify the mice into horses, I'll go and see if there's a rat in the trap: you may make a coachman of him.

Queen. Thou art in the right; go and look.

(Pedro gets rat-trap from R. H. U. E.)

Ped. Here he is; he'll make a jolly coachman—such whiskers! He hasn't been shaved since he was born.

Queen. And, hark ye, fetch hither the two garden-pots, wherein there are just now two lizards: they shall serve for footmen.

Ped. In a nice green livery.

[Exit R.]

Queen. Thou shalt this night repay all thy sisters' ill to thee.

Cind. Nay, godmother, I don't wish that; I should be sorry to see them grieved.

Queen. What! canst thou forgive them? Excellent heart! thou art goodness itself.

[Enter PEDRO R. H., with garden-pots.]

Ped. Here they are! and perhaps with your help, granny, they'll make smart lacqueys.

Queen. Thou'rt a good judge, Pedro.

Ped. Ha! ha! ha! what a deal of pudding and cheese they must have stolen! Your humble servant, gentlemen; you won't turn me out of my place, I hope.

Queen. Well, Cinderella, are not these servants fit to attend thee to the ball?

Cind. Oh, nothing can be better; but, ah! godmother, must I go thither as I am, in these shabby old clothes?

Queen. That, too, shall be remedied. Disappear and appear.

(Her own and Cinderella's clothes change.)

Ped. Eh! what! no—yes, it is! Oh, beautiful mistress! Oh, you good old soul! La! I wish I had such a godmother!

Queen. Thou shalt not be forgotten, Pedro. First, with these magic glass slippers adorn thy lady's feet.

Ped. There, and now, dear lady, you'll travel like a princess, and have grand servants to attend you, but none that loves you half so well as poor, humble Pedro.

Queen. Thy honesty and goodness shall win thee a pleasing office—the attendant of thy beloved mistress. Do thou go with her, and in befitting garments appear a lofty lord.

(His dress changes.)

Ped. I feel a lord all over.

Queen. But now to complete my work, and fulfill my promise. Pedro, look into the mouse-trap, and see if you find not mice.

Ped. Here it is, granny, and, sure enough, two little mice are in it,—pretty creatures!

Queen. Let them run out.

Ped. What!

Queen. Obey me.

Ped. Here goes, but take care of your legs. *(MUSIC. Change takes place.)* Oh, wonderful godmother! wonderful mice! and wonderful pumpkin! I wish I had such a crutch; it should never be idle.

Queen. And now a train shall attend the daughter of my love, such as no other mortal can boast of. Behold!

[CHORD. She waves, and the scene discovers exterior of PRINCE'S palace at a distance by moonlight. Sylphs and Fairies enter and surround chariot.]

Cind. Ha! what change pervades my frame! I feel a new existence; I am no longer the same. Hence, to my chariot!

Queen. Stay,—one last injunction to thee, and no more, but observe it well, or beware the consequence. Pedro, attend thou likewise to my words, as thou art her guardian knight. Before the midnight hour shall strike, Cinderella, be sure thou art returned, as thou dost value my future friendship.

Cind. Before midnight?

Queen. Aye, before midnight! Forget my commands, and the hour once struck, thy finery shall change to thine old rags again, thy rich attendants vanish, and thy chariot, coachman, and footmen, retake their original forms!

Cind. Oh, what a sight we should be then!

Queen. Remember!

Cind. Oh, fear me not; though every temptation surround my delighted steps, I will not forget thy words! Oh, I am wild with joy!

18. FINALE. *to 2^d 4th*

Cind.

Delightful hour of rapture!

With wildest joy this bounding heart

Now is beating fast,—

Oh, happy Cinderella!

Let fear and doubt depart.

Fairies.

Go, then, and joy reward thee;

Thy friends, we still will guard thee;

But mark, our will obey,

Or the forfeit thou shalt pay,—

Cind.

Cinderella, twelve's the hour!

Your will I'll still obey,

Your words shall guide my way;

I'll not forget the hour,

Nor mock the Fairies' power.

Good night!

[END OF ACT THE SECOND.]

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE THE FIRST.

A richly-decorated Ball-room in the PRINCE'S Palace.

[PRINCE and Visitors discovered.]

19. CHORUS.

In light tripping measure,

Surrounded by pleasure,

We count the gay hours

That so hastily fly;

Hence care and sorrow!

Dare not come nigh.

Prince, (coming forward.) It is in vain I look in every face; though many are fair, and many beautiful, yet the bright semblance of the loveliest vision mortal e'er was blessed with meets not my anxious eyes! The hated period my soul shrinks from in disgust is fast approaching, yet cannot I behold the woman that my heart can incline to. All are panting for the Prince's crown; they seek not a husband's heart.

Baron, (advancing.) Noble Prince, shall the dance proceed?

Prince. Let it proceed.

(Goes up to throne with Alidoro.)

Baron, (aside.) His highness looks melancholy—one of my daughters is certainly in his head. Ho! on with the dance!

[A trumpet sounds, and a PAGE, entering, approaches throne and kneels.]

Page. Gracious Prince! a beauteous princess, whose name we know not, has just arrived. [Exit L. U. E. arch.]

Prince. My Lord Baron, marshal the royal stranger to our presence.

Clor. (to Thisbe.) A princess! without a name! Who can she be?

This. Another rival! I hope she's ugly.

[MUSIC. The PRINCE descends, advances a little towards R. C., when, hearing a few bars of the well-remembered air, he starts, and exclaims with sudden emotion, during the music: "Those sounds! those magic sounds!" The car of CINDERELLA has advanced fully under the portico—PRINCE rises, takes her hand, and brings her forward.]

Prince. Oh, rapture! Fate has now blessed me, and my contented soul images greater bliss.

Cind. (aside.) Can I believe mine eyes? He the Prince! Delightful moment!

Alid. (advancing L.) How beautiful a form!

Baron. Do you think so? Well, I really don't see anything so particular in it.

Prince. (to Cinderella.) Will not that envious veil fully removed permit my eyes to feast upon your beauty? (Attempts to remove veil. She refuses.)

Clor. (to Thisbe.) Her face can't be any great things, or she wouldn't hide it.

Prince. Oh, disperse that shady cloud, that seems jealous of my happiness!

DUET.

Prince. Let thine eyes on mine, mildly beaming,
With soft bliss this bosom swell.

Cind. 'Midst flattering hopes, now sweetly dreaming,
I fear to wake and break the spell.

Both. When love's magic light is beaming,
Its bright rays all clouds dispel.

Prince. I never loved till now.

Cind. Dear confession! my heart is agitated. I cannot speak to him.

Baron, (aside to Clorinda.) Don't be uneasy, my dears; she is not at all like you.

Prince. Will you permit me, lovely princess——

Cind. (aside.) Princess!

Prince. To ask your name.

Cind. Oh, dear! I forgot to ask the Fairy my name!

Prince. Silent! Oh! say, what nation is so blessed as to receive your laws? Still silent! Nay, tell me but in which kingdom stands your throne?

Cind. If he but knew what an humble throne mine is!

Prince. Still dumb! Incomparable woman! your matchless qualities enhance your unequalled charms! Oh, let my daring hand remove the darkness that wrongs your beauty.

Cind. (resisting.) My veil but tempers the brightness of your court.

Prince. Refuse me no longer, but end my torture!

(Raises her veil—stands enraptured.)

Clor. (to Thisbe.) Why, bless my heart! did you ever see?

This. What a likeness!

Baron, (aside.) Now, if I wasn't sure that it isn't, I should think that it was Cinderella,—the likeness is so striking that it almost knocks me down.

Cind. There they are, but they cannot recognize me. Let me resume my confidence. Noble Prince, who are those amiable ladies?

Baron. My amiable daughters.

Cind. Goodness and beauty embellish their features. May I be permitted to embrace them?

Baron. Oh, Princess, you do them honor!

Cind. (*crosses to sisters.*) I feel my heart would willingly gain your affection.

Clor. Your highness' kind favor to us, strangers as we are—

Cind. Nay, I have known you long—by report. Will you accept my friendship?

Clor. We shall esteem ourselves but too happy.

This. Delighted!

Cind. Permit me to offer you these trifling marks of my partiality, which I hope will become mutual and never cease.

(*Gives diamond necklace to Clorinda, and pearl one to Thisbe.*)

Clor. Diamonds!

This. Pearls!

Baron. Generous Princess!

Cind. My Lord Baron, have you other children?

Baron. No, your highness; fate has only allowed me two!

Cind. Then receive for yourself this respectful token. (*Gives him ring.*)

Baron. Ah, lady, what a noble heart is yours! How proud must be the father who has the honor to call you his!

Cind. You are mistaken! Alas! my father disowns me!

Baron. Disowns you—what a brute!

Prince. Princess, permit me thus to offer my homage, and attend you. On with the feast!

(*Pas de Soldats.*)

[*Enter PEDRO L. H.*]

Ped. It's running on to twelve. I wish I could get home. I have been so agreeably employed among the eatables and drinkables that I had no idea of the time passing so fast. Oh, dear! if she should have forgotten, there'll be a pretty exposure for both of us. I must make her see me. Ahem!

Prince. What nobleman is that?

Ped. Nobleman! What a sensible Prince!

Cind. 'Tis one of my suit, Prince,—a worthy friend deserving of my trust. What would you, Pedro?

Ped. The pumpkin, the rats, the lizards—

Cind. Nay, good fellow, only a minute or two longer, and I'll depart. I do not forget.

Ped. I hope you don't, for if you should, they'll never forget us.

Prince. Seeks he aught of importance?

Cind. Only a partner in the dance.

Prince. I will provide him. Gentle Clorinda, accept this noble stranger from our hand a partner in the dance. Another mazy round, and then for the banquet!

[*A general dance ensues, during which clock strikes twelve—the dresses of CINDERELLA and PEDRO change. Confusion—CINDERELLA runs out—PEDRO is expelled.*]

Prince. Break up the dance!—give over. Half the wealth of my kingdom shall be his who finds the owner of this little glass slipper.

(*Dance ceases—all group around Prince.*)

Speak, do any of you know her? saw you where she went to? Silent!

Baron. Gracious! Prince, I believe—

Prince, (impetuously.) Ah, speak! tell me, and be my friend for ever.

Baron. I believe, then, my gracious Prince—nay, I am almost sure, or rather I suspect—that nobody knows anything about her.

Prince. Prating fool! away! Oh, I shall go distracted!

[*End of Scene the First.*]

SCENE THE SECOND

A Street.

[Enter PEDRO, running L. H.]

Ped. Stop, stop, stop! The pumpkin runs like a race-horse. Here's a go! The coach re-turned to a pumpkin, and the horses, footmen and drivers again become dandy vermin with long whiskers! Oh, granny, granny! here's alteration and consternation, with a vengeance! I, who was lately a great lord, am now a poor footman, and instead of riding home in a splendid chariot cheek by jowl with a baroness at least, must foot it home every inch, knee-deep in mud. There goes the pumpkin round the corner like the wind. Stop it, granny! stop it! stop it!

[Exit R. H.]

[End of Scene the Second.]

SCENE THE THIRD.

The Kitchen. The rat and mouse-traps are again in their places.

[Enter PEDRO, running L. after pumpkin, which rolls on before him.]

Ped. Well, here we are again, and a pretty business we have made of it!

[Enter CINDERELLA L. H.]

Gad! but the fairy kept her word with us, though we were not so particular with her. Our companions, too, were more punctual, for I see coaches and ponies are all snugly at home again before us. Well, one good turn deserves another. I ran before the coach all the way there, and the coach ran before me all the way back.

Cind. My happiness made me forget my duty.

Ped. It can't be helped now. We shall remember twelve o'clock when it strikes again.

Cind. 'Tis well that our misfortune has not been greater.

Ped. Why, I don't know how it well could, except we had been turned into a couple of rabbits and caught for supper. And have you, too, lost all your finery, Miss Cinderella, at the ball? Eh? why, I declare—no—one of your little glass-slippers has stuck to you?

Cind. Is it possible?

Ped. How comes the other is gone?

Cind. Now, I remember, I tripped in my haste, and it fell off in the ball-room.

Ped. How unfortunate! We shall never get one to match it now!

Cind. Ah, all my good fortune is for ever lost.

Ped. No, no, dear lady; it's only the slipper that's lost. I wish the fairy would turn me into one for your pretty foot. I'm not very big as it is, and I'm sure I should fit your foot. However, I advise you to take that one off before your father and sisters come home, though I suppose they intend to make a night of it all day long, for 'tis morning already. Pray, Miss Cinderella, how did you find your way home?

Cind. I scarcely know. The way seemed to me as though it would never end.

Ped. That's exactly the way it seemed to me, though I'm sure I ran as fast as any rat of 'em all. I got out just in time to see the pumpkin turning a corner, and after it I ran like mad. Oh, if the dear, good fairy would but patronize us once more! I'll just blow the fire once more; perhaps she may favor us by dropping down the chimney. (*Sings.*)

Morning is dawning brightly, love;
Then prithee come down down, come down.

No, she won't come down.

Baron. Pedro!

Clor. Pedro! Cinderella! } (*On L. H.*)

This. Cinderella!

Ped. There they are. Let me run up stairs to them. I dare say we shall have a fine account of ourselves. [*Exit L. H.*]

Cind. Yes, I will preserve this token. (*Puts slipper into her bosom.*)

Clor. Cinderella, I say!

This. Cinderella, come here!

Cind. I must go to them —. Perhaps I may hear whether the Prince of my heart was pained by my flight, or whether my disobedience has also robbed me of his remembrance. [*Exit L. H.*]

[*End of Scene the Third.*]

SCENE THE FOURTH.

An Apartment in the Baron's house.

[*Enter BARON, CLORINDA, THISBE and PEDRO.*]

Baron. What's the reason, sirrah, you were not ready to receive us? 'Tis not so early but you might have risen three hours ago and watched for us.

Ped. I have risen all day, master, for I never laid down; neither I nor Miss Cinderella.

Clor. Miss, indeed!

Ped. I can never call her anything else, miss!

Clor. Go and call miss, then.

Ped. Poor soul! she hasn't stirred from the chimney corner all night, no more than myself. Hope you enjoyed yourself at the ball, Baron?

Baron. What's that to you, you inquisitive rascal?

Ped. I should have thought it likely from all the capers you practised yesterday.

Baron. Begone, you impudent dog! or my cane shall practise a caper upon your head! Get out, you ugly varlet, or I shall lose my patience.

Ped. Don't do that, sir; you've so little it would be a pity to part with it.

Clor. The Baron shall part with you, though, and a good riddance we shall all have of you. Begone, and call Cinderella. Oh! here she comes.

[*Enter CINDERELLA L. H.*]

Ped. My dear young lady, find out if they smoked the rats and the pumpkins. [*Exit L. H.*]

Clor. So, you're there; I think you might have kept awake, forsooth, till our return.

Cind. It's no wonder I should tire, considering how long you have been.

This. Ah, if you had been at the ball, you would have been as little tired as we are. Oh, we have had a gay time of it. There came thither the finest princess—the most beautiful ever seen with mortal eyes.

Cind. A princess!

This. Yes, and she was so taken with us that she showed us a thousand civilities.

Cind. And pray, sisters, what was the name of this princess—I mean—Miss Thisbe?

This. That nobody knows; and what's more, she left the palace immediately the clock struck twelve.

Cind. Indeed!

Baron. And what is quite singular, my dears, it seems that the guards at the palace gates said nobody had gone out but a young girl, who looked more like a poor country wench than a gentlewoman.

This. The only trace they found of her was a little glass slipper, which she let fall as she hastened away.

Cind. A glass slipper?

This. It is the prettiest little thing—one would suppose it had been worked by the hand of a fairy.

[*Enter PEDRO, hastily, with paper L.*]

Ped. Oh, such news! such news! wonderful news!

Clor. Is the Prince come again?

Ped. No, not the Prince exactly, but a royal post, and he has brought us this copy of a royal proclamation, which he says is now being proclaimed through the city by sound of trumpet.

All. A proclamation!

Baron. Let me see it. (*Takes paper.*)

This. No, papa, let me. (*Snatches it.*)

Clor. I'm the eldest, miss, and must see it first. (*Snatches it.*)

This. Not before me. (*Snatches it; tears it in half, holding up a piece.*) There!

Clor. (*holding up her piece.*) There!

Ped. Then there's a proclamation apiece, now!

Baron. How now, girls? By the beards of my ancestors I've a great mind to grow in a passion.

Clor. Well there, sir, you shall read it first. (*Gives her piece.*)

This. (*giving hers.*) Yes, there, sir!

Baron. Read it first. How the devil am I to read it at all now? (*Puts paper together.*) Stay! that's it.

Ped. Now for it!

Baron. (*reads.*) "*Proclamation by supreme command.*"

Ped. Just what the royal post said.

Baron. Hold your piece, sirrah! "*We, Felix, the first ruler of this principality, do hereby make known that we will take to wife and share our heart and throne with her whom the glassy slipper found at our last night's ball shall fit.*"

Ped. (*looking at Cinderella.*) Eh!

Baron. (*reads.*) "*Felix, Felix Princes.* Given under our royal seal at our palace."

Clor. (*interrupting.*) Marry her whom the slipper will fit? (*Looks at her foot.*) Let's go back directly, sir.

This. Oh, yes, yes; let's go back, papa.

Cind. (*aside, with emotion.*) Have I heard rightly?

This. I'm perfectly sure it will fit me, if a pretty foot is to carry it.

Ped. There must be nice paring of nails if it does.

Clor. Which is my smallest foot, Pedro?

Ped. Why, that's rather a puzzling question, miss, for I don't think one's smaller than the other; they're both a nice size.

Clor. You think, then, I shall get the slipper on?

Ped. I think that if you try, miss, you'll be very likely to put your foot in it.

Cind. Oh, sir, may I not be permitted to go with you this time?

Baron. You? the girl is mad!

Clor. You? ha, ha! what insolence! Perhaps you would like to try the slipper on too?

This. I wonder what people would think if they were to see such a creature as you with us?

Cind. I would tell them I was your servant, and it would be but the truth.

Baron. I'm thinking, if this curious trial should prove of no avail, what the Prince will do.

Ped. Perhaps in that case he'll marry the slipper.

Baron. Come, let us make haste back to the palace! I'm quite sure one of you will be queen; I didn't dream I was an ass for nothing.

Clor. Good-bye, Cinderella, princess. Ha! ha! ha!

This. Adieu! your highness! Ha! ha! ha!

[*Exeunt* BARON, CLORINDA and THISBE L. H.]

Ped. Hish, hish, hish! Devil take your sneers!

Cind. Well, Pedro, must I stay behind them?

Ped. Stay behind them? Not a minute! If you're behind any one, it shall be me, for I'll put a pillion on the blind mare and we'll trot away after them.

Cind. Ah, Pedro! but this mean dress, this wretched appearance —

Ped. It don't matter for your dress. All that is wanted is the length of your foot.

Cind. But I shall be refused a trial.

Ped. Not when they look in your face. Only give them a smile and point out your toe, and you're sure to kick down all objections; besides, I'll announce you myself—that I will.

Cind. Well, Pedro, I will venture, and if the fairy disappoints my hopes, I can but die.

Ped. Die! If ever I saw you do such a foolish thing, I'd never forgive you! Did! die! indeed! Mind my prophetic words: You'll live to be a princess renounced in universal history-books—such a princess as thou never was before and never will be after. But, come along; put your shoe in your pocket and let us go. I'll put the pillion on the blind mare.

[*Exeunt* L. H.]

[*End of Scene the Third.*]

SCENE THE FIFTH.

A Hall in the PRINCE'S Palace.

[*PRINCE discovered seated R.—Ladies, gentlemen, pages, &c., anxiously watching the trial—ALIDORO, DANDINI, &c.*]

Prince. My heart is lightened of half its fears. Though I have taken this way to discover, if possible, the lovely owner of this curious toy, it were a cruel torture to my heart if chance destroyed my hopes.

[*Enter* PAGE L. H.]

Page. The Baron and ladies of Pumpolino are in the antechamber.

Prince. Admit them.

[*Exit* PAGE.]

I dread the trial, lest vanity and insolence should claim my hand.

[*Enter* BARON, CLORINDA, and THISBE.]

Baron and ladies, well are ye come. The trial is in our own presence; you, Baron, may superintend your daughters, by our leave.

Baron. Gracious Prince! that is a most flattering and considerate indulgence.

This. (*simpering.*) Sweet Prince, if fated by fortune my foot should fit —

Clor. Your foot, sister? Your foot is like a —. (*Crosses to Prince.*) 'Tis for me, I've no doubt, Prince, the honor is reserved.

Prince. (*coldly.*) The event will show, madam.

Baron. Now, daughters!

(*Takes slipper, and kneels.*)

This. I'm quite ready, sir.

(*Runs to pedestal.*)

Clor. (*aside, vexed.*) Forward minx! she's always first!

This. Bless me, what a little thing it is!

Baron. (*trying to force on slipper.*) Make your foot small.

This. (*shrinking.*) Oh, dear me! it will never go on.

Clor. (*exulting.*) I thought so!

Baron. What the plague have you got in your stocking?

This. My foot is too long, pa!

Baron. Where the deuce is your heel?

(*He forces the slipper—she screams, and comes forward vexed.*)

Clor. (*triumphing.*) I knew how it would be, sister. I'm convinced by the size it is just my measure. Now, sir!

(*The Baron tries on slipper—evidently painful to her.*)

Oh, gently, papa! La! you're so awkward.

Baron. Awkward, indeed!

(*Pushes slipper.*)

Clor. (*screams.*) Oh, I can't bear it any more! The slippers are too short!

Baron. No, my dear, it's your foot that's too long, confound it!—

(*With a violent push.*)

Clor. Oh!

(*Screams—comes forward.*)

This. I knew how it would be! Ha! ha! ha!

Baron. If I could but have known this thirty years ago, they should have had Chinese treatment!

Prince. (*aside.*) Fortune, I thank thee!

Guard. (*on L.*) You must not advance.

Ped. (*on L.*) Nonsense! I will advance.

Guard. Back, I say!

Ped. I won't go back.

Prince. What noise is that?

Ped. I'll have my say out, if I die for it.

(*Enters.*)

Noble Prince!

Alid. What insolence is this? Hence!

Prince. Say, what seek you in this place, friend?

Ped. (*falls on his knees.*) Most magnificent, extravagant, and dreadful Prince! whose countenance is shocking to your subjects, and frightful to all the world, you'll do well to hear me first, and turn me out after.

Baron. (*aside to his daughters.*) May I become a commoner if it isn't that villain, Pedro! What wants he here?

Prince. Rise, and speak thy errand.

Ped. The business that brings me here is to try the slipper.

All. Ha! ha! ha!

Ped. Not myself, but I ask the trial for one whose ambassador I am. She waits your highness' tremendous permission to show her foot: and that's all.

Alid. Simple fool! how darest thou—?

Ped. Most antediluvian gentleman, I don't address myself to you nor any creature here. I speak to the throne—

Prince. Ha! ha! ha! Noble ambassador, conduct thy fair mistress before us.

Ped. I will.

[*Exit pompously L. H.*

Alid. My Prince, your good nature serves but to encourage annoyance.

Prince. Nay, Alidoro, hinder me not, because I am a Prince, from acting like a man. Humanity and condescension to our inferiors become all ranks.

[MUSIC—same as ushered CINDERELLA to the Ball. The PRINCE starts, hastens towards L. H., as CINDERELLA is led on by PEDRO—turns away disappointed.]

(Seating himself.) Bitter disappointment!

Cind. I tremble, Pedro! Didn't you see his looks?

Ped. Don't mind his looks; consider, he's a Prince!

Clor. My eyes must be enchanted,—'tis Cinderella!

Baron. What assurance!

This. She shall starve for a month for this!

Ped. (aside to Cinderella.) Come now, keep your little heart up; I'll introduce you to him. Ahem! most extensive Prince!—ahem! I am—I am—nobody, and all I can presume to say is nothing. Speak, lady, and don't be afraid.

Cind. Alas! he has forgotten my features, or his affection has turned to dislike. Gracious Prince, I humbly venture into your presence to—to——

Ped. Try on——

Cind. Try on——

Ped. The slipper, your princely highness!

Prince. Thou? Ah! now I observe thy face, thou art—thou art—— Baron!

Baron, (runs forward.) My Prince!

Prince. You know this female?

Baron, (vexed.) I know—that is—I have seen—I'll make you pay for this!

Prince. Is she not your pretty servant?

Baron. Noble Prince, I can hardly say what she is.

Ped. It is I that am his pretty servant, my lord, but as for this sweet young——

Baron. Speak, and I murder you!

Prince. Alidoro! (Converses apart with him.)

Baron, (aside to Pedro.) Be silent, and you shall be rewarded.

Ped. I won't be silent, and I won't be rewarded. You killed her already yesterday, and I won't be a silent participator in such a suicide.

Prince. Thou hast a face of beauty, fair maiden, like to her that——. We'll not deny thee. Advance the pedestal and try thy fortune, though heaven forefend thy triumph.

Ped. Now, princely fairy, no tricks! Oh——

[MUSIC.—CINDERELLA hastens to the pedestal, takes slipper from attendant, which immediately goes on. She draws the other from her bosom. PEDRO runs to her and puts it on the other foot, jumping about delighted. FAIRY QUEEN appears and arrests general attention. She touches CINDERELLA with her wand, when her clothes are again changed to the same she wore at the ball.]

[End of Scene the Fifth.]

SCENE THE LAST.

A gorgeous Scene in the Palace; a magnificent throne with two seats in centre, surrounded by gentlemen, pages, royal guards; and all the sylphs and fairies of first Act discovered. During the Chorus they advance and surround PRINCE and CINDERELLA. The royal robe is thrown upon her; all Fairies kneel. MUSIC. The PRINCE leads her to the throne; crowns her.

Fairy Queen. Mortals! behold this good, this duteous child, and from her example learn that virtue and meekness are Heaven's peculiar care. Sweet Ange-

lina !—Cinderella now no more !—you have been humble in adversity ; be modest in greatness !

FINALE.

Now with grief no longer bending,"
Shall my heart neglected sigh ;
Like the lightning swiftly ending,
Sorrow's clouds for ever fly.

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CHORUS.

Like the lightning swiftly ending,
May our griefs for ever fly.

END OF THE OPERA.

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